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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORIAL.

WE publish this week Mr. Herr's prize oration. This is the one that took first prize in our Junior Contest and third in the Inter-Collegiate. Mr. Herr, in the latter, met representatives from the different colleges, where oratory is given careful attention. That Mr. Herr, whose course has been entirely along technical lines, could win from men who have had three or four years' training, shows a marked talent in that direction. He deserves great credit, and we congratulate him on his success.

THERE can be no doubt, that our base-ball team has not been over-successful in the last few games; the cause of this lack of success is a matter for speculation, and just at present, every man in college seems to believe it his especial duty to show where the trouble lies, and to define its limits. There is, undoubtedly, good material in our team, for the men have plainly demonstrated that they are good batters, and on occasion, good fielders; the problem that now seems to be before the management, is to determine just what arrangements and conditions are requisite to derive the best results from the material at their disposal.

Our base-ball prospects may appear a little dark and discouraging, just at present, but we

must remember that the season has just begun; that many, if not most of our important games are yet to be contested, and that the results of May and June may retrieve those of April. At all events, however, we must stand by our team, give it our heartiest support, and show the men, who are so earnestly working for its success, that their efforts are appreciated by the College. It is our duty to support the team through thick and thin; we should remember what a thankless position theirs is in case of defeat, and how discouraging it is to captain and men to find themselves deserted by the College, or the bleachers unfilled, just because they have suffered a run of ill luck.

Our team certainly has a thoroughly competent captain and coach, and we can safely rely upon their experience and hard work to bring out all there is in the team, and to make the latter part of its record brighter and more attractive than the beginning.

LEHIGH, with her four hundred and fifty students, is trying to do what the larger colleges have found impossible, that is to support four successful teams. A matter of wonder to us has always been, how Dartmouth, Amherst, and other small northern colleges, year after year, manage to have base-ball teams that

not unfrequently win from Yale and Harvard. A little thought will, however, set the matter right. In the fall we have but one team in the field; college interest is concentrated on football, and we have successful teams. In the spring, the interest is divided, base-ball, lacrosse and track athletics, each get their share of attention. Possibly sixty or seventy men are out trying for the different teams. Now suppose it possible to have that number working for the welfare of one team, it stands to reason that the team will be stronger than it is now. Without lacrosse, we can make a very strong showing in base ball, and *vice versa*. Looking over the athletes, who can doubt that Ordway and Roderick would not make fine base-ball men, or McClung, Bray and Thompson good lacrosse players. A team made up of men of their calibre would be sure to win distinction.

So far we have considered only the loss of good men to each team. There is another element, that of expense. Neither base-ball nor lacrosse are self-supporting; the College must make the deficit from year to year. They do not always do it, and athletics come to a stand-still on account of debts, an appeal is then made to the College, and as it happened some time ago, enough money is raised to pay our creditors. With one team, there is reason to believe we could avoid this accumulating debt.

Our grounds are in need of repair, our base-ball diamond is one of the worst in the college-world, our grand-stand in its present position is almost useless for any of the three games. Tied down as we are, we cannot remedy these defects. Let the money, that it costs to support the extra team, go to repair the grounds, and we will be able to see a lacrosse game from the grand-stand, or to have a team of ball players not covered from head to foot with bruises from sliding on a rocky diamond. In this discussion, we have not considered the track team, because the number of men on it and the expense are so small, that its effect is not as marked as the others.

We have then three reasons for dropping a team, increase of good men, the accumulating debt, and the necessity for repairs. Which team is to go? The college must decide; but eventually one must. It is better to have one winning team than two indifferent ones. In conclusion, we intend no reflections on the present teams; the season is yet too young to gauge them. We have drawn our conclusions from the past.

THE favorite complaint, in regard to the courses here, has always been, that they are too narrow. The College turns out specialists, but not well-rounded men of affairs. This is undoubtedly true to a very large extent, but at the same time, the men, who make the loudest complaint, are the very ones, who do not take advantage of the means at hand for broadening their scope of ideas.

Sometime ago the Hon. Eckley B. Coxe lectured here, and it was believed necessary to make the attendance compulsory, in order to have the proper number of students present. Here was opportunity, the value of which can not be estimated. A man, who has won success solely by his own efforts, was to give advice to men, about to start into the world in search of that same delusive object, and it was necessary to compel them to be present. Self-interest should have been sufficient, not to mention the pleasure of hearing Mr. Coxe talk.

This is only one case in a large number. The different societies, from time to time, have lectures given by men of much reputation; frequently the attendance is so small, that the presidents are compelled to make excuses for the lack of interest. Verily, this represents a desire to become broad-minded.

Occasionally the professors are kind enough to lecture to the student-body. Then, your seeker after general information, is heard to remark, that he does not see the use of all this stuff, wants to know how it is going to help him in his profession, and finally goes, not because he sees here a chance to improve

his mind, but to save an absence. Not unfrequently he manifests his interest there, by cat calls, loud talking, and other disorderly manifestations; sometimes he goes to sleep, to the great relief of his neighbors.

This dog-in-the-manger spirit is productive of much evil. A professor who once yields to this clamor for broader education, and meets with the above reception, has learned a lesson, that he is not apt to forget. The next time he is asked to lecture, there is a very great likeli-

hood of a strong negative reply, or, if he decides to give them, he feels it necessary to preface his remarks by an apology for the time he is taking.

There are, in every class, a number of earnest workers, who are taking advantage of every opportunity; and, it is manifestly unjust not to give them every chance. A man may not enjoy a lecture, his neighbor may; the first has no right to interfere with the latter's pleasure and should remember it.

LEHIGH VERSE.

THE CRUSHED VIOLET.

IT happened one day, that I wanted to look,
 At an ancient and quaint-metered rhyme,
 I took down a little, white, vellum-bound book
 That had been on my shelves a long time—
 However it chanced to be there, I don't know,
 'Mid those volumes by poets long dead—
 It looked like a lily thrust in a row
 Of poppies—my bindings are red.
 I blew off the dust from thick, rough-edged leaves.
 The book seemed to ope at one place.
 'Twas an odd little ballad—how love always
 weaves
 Our heart-strings in webs, round a face
 That is distant and dear. But there on the page,
 Which my finger and thumb then caressed,
 Crushed to death 'twixt the heavy, white walls of
 its cage,
 Lay a tiny sweet violet, pressed!
 Its life-blood had left, but a deep yellow stain
 On that wide-bordered page once so fair,
 And, as I brought it to daylight again,
 A delicate scent filled the air,
 And I thought to myself: how like life is this book,
 And love like that flower bereft!
 Life, heartless, crushes fond dreams while we
 look—
 Their stains and their sweetness are left.

IN APRIL.

THE earth is clad in brightest green,
 The wind blows softly o'er the mead,
 Sweet Nature's face all wreathed in smiles is seen,
 And well her need.
 The grim and naked trees their buds unfold,
 Ere long their fragrant blossoms will appear.
 The flowers peep out from 'neath the moist,
 warm mold,
 For Spring is here.

FRESHMEN VS. NATURE.

LAST Autumn when the Freshman came,
 Verdant, giddy, yet seeking fame,
 Nature had, until that hour,
 Sported green in leafy bower.
 But then she frowned in discontent,
 To see such verdure with her color blent.
 The leaves from all the trees fell down,
 Or turned in rich profusion brown;
 And grapes, that hung from ever vine
 Turned purple, made to glow and shine.
 Then fell the opening chestnut burr,
 And on the ground, nuts scattered were,
 But nowhere in nature was there seen
 Aught of that Freshman color, green;
 Freshman verdure had proved a Jonah,
 For green, Dame Nature wouldn't own her.

SOCIAL AND MODERN REFORM.

EMERSON tells us that "we live in a new and exceptional age." Were this wholly true, I should have great fear for the future. If this age or this country is anything more than the past has developed by a natural and by an entirely healthy growth, if there is anything artificial or spurious in our national life, should we not all have fear for the future? But whether it is exceptional or not, it is a sublime age, an age teeming with intellectual life, with portentous social change; an age of responsibility, and of hope. It is an age of doubt, nothing goes without proof, all things are questioned.

Evolution in society is an unconscious factor working through the centuries. Outwardly, it manifests itself in revolutions; these are lead by men and are followed by reforms. The French Revolution was nothing more than an outward sign of the rising of a truth; it had its dawning many centuries before.

The great majority of so-called social disorders are superficial. They are controlled by the caprice, the ambition, or the artificialities of individuals, or groups of individuals, who imagine themselves the favored few to whom heaven reveals a new law or a new truth.

Many tell us that we are in the midst of a great social revolution, some that our present system is doomed, and that it is only a question of time when socialism will reign supreme.

Socialism means industrial coöperation. Its ultimate end is the regeneration of mankind through the annihilation of individualism. The nature of its doctrines precludes limitation to any one nation or people. Accordingly, it manifests itself in all civilized lands. With hardly more than a generation of life, it shows strength and vigorous growth.

We recognize socialism in Europe as the logical results in great parts of governmental systems. In this country it has a different significance. For the past eighteen hundred years, men under the stimulus of gospel teach-

ing have been clamoring for freedom. The civil freedom of the individual was the song of the poet, the cherished hope of the philosopher, many centuries before the storming of the Bastile, but it remained for America, the child of this western world, to develop this freedom to the greatest extent possible. What is the assumption then? Have we reached the summit, or only new fields as yet on the mountain side? We have individual life; but we do not have it in its perfection. The evolution of social types progresses slowly with the centuries. Socialism is an agitation due to a restless spirit, impatient of the slow advance of nature's processes.

Our civilization has evolved new forces. The railroad, the telegraph, and the labor saving machines, have changed the face of nature, and have increased wonderfully the complexity of social problems.

Should men be disappointed to find that the cherished plant of our civilization, the principle of individual life, needs pruning! It is the desert plant that puts forth no superfluous branches.

Our common people have heard much of the blessing of good government. They now infer, that it is a panacea for all their ills. This is one of the implied doctrines of socialism. What then are the limits of state duties? Huxley speaks of the fanatical individualism of our time; Spencer is an ardent advocate of *laissez faire*. These two great thinkers, whose life-work has been the study of social problems, have reached different conclusions. What then is the truth and the tendency?

Before making a change we should consider the positive virtues of the old, the probable evils of the new. The socialist reverses this, and with a long train of abuses springing from our present system ever in mind, he proposes a new system that, to his fancy, is without spot or blemish. He forgets that government is a

necessary evil, that natural laws, rather than legislative enactments "have ameliorated the condition of mankind."

We can not deny the evils, that have grown from our present system. But has it not also been productive of much good? And are the evils comparable with those that must follow the destruction of competition, a condition that socialism demands? The principle, that is the very foundation of nineteenth century progress, has much to do with present socialistic agitations. This principle is the strong inclination to work for individual advancement. Socialism for a majority of socialists would be a grand success; but for the thinking, living, acting portion of the race, it would be death. Life to the race is quite as sweet as it is to you or to me; so rest assured that so long as thought triumphs over matter, society will be preserved from such a death.

The socialist completely ignores the mental inequalities of men. We have different tastes and capabilities. "Some are born to control, others to execute." Human society is an expression of man's characteristics. So whatever system we may choose, we must take man as he is. How then can we regenerate society without regenerating man? After what model shall we regenerate him?

We are not blind to the fact that they have made progress, and that among legislators they have many attentive listeners; but try as they will, the socialists can not introduce for us a new system. What can they do? That which all can do; reform the old. We need reform; we need it most emphatically, but not in the socialistic direction. Men under the spell of the belief, that the legislative touch is the cure for all evils, are demanding an extension of state duties. Yet with no more than its present functions, how creditably does the state acquit itself? Can we exempt the national government, the state legislatures, the judicial tribunals, from bribery? Are their laws and decisions with the present limitations, just and righteous? Is the public conscience callous

to offense? Oh, that men would become more indignant over breeches of public trust!

Is there no remedy but governmental co-operation for socialistic grievances? Have we no other ameliorating influences? While society has unlimited faith in the selfish or egoistic side of individualism, it has no faith in its unselfish or altruistic side. We can understand that individualism forces many poor fellows to the wall, but, we are blind to the fact, that it calls forth the philanthropic and charitable actions of men. We believe that legislators, with their own selfish ends to gratify, can help us, but in the countless societies formed exclusively for unselfish purposes, and in the beneficent acts of men, we see not the glimmer of a hope. Yet, what a halo of promise surrounds such names as George Peabody, Stephen Girard, Geo. W. Childs, Thaddeus Stevens! Would it be ungrateful to expect that the future will produce great ones, second only to these? Is there then no hope for society? Though our civilization may tolerate great evils, it also develops the grandest traits of character. Society is coming to understand that Paul was right when he said, "The greatest of these is charity."

The Christian church has done so much to alleviate man's sorrows, in its struggles toward the light; can it not do more? Would it be unjust, in the light of our present civilization, to ask the church, rather than the state, to help us out of this dilemma? It is the Christianity of the New Testament, exemplified in act, and taught to all our people, that must be inscribed upon the banners of the advanced guards of our civilization. In a little while the heathen may rise from his ignorance and his lethargy; and, looking beyond wide oceans, behold the seething, restless factions of this Christian land. What a spectacle for him! War between capital and labor; infamy in our great cities; corruption in our legislative chambers. He may, perchance, have heard that these evils existed in the barbarous days

of classic Greece and Rome; but, how is it, that after two thousand years of Christianity they flourish, aye! flourish in our midst? It may be well to help the poor heathen to dispel the darkness; but, let us not forget our own people, for the conversion of America is of vastly greater importance to us as a nation. And, as a nation among the nations, it is of infinitely greater importance to the world.

If we want a better society than we have, if we want a grander nation, we must have better men and women. Men and women of purer lives, nobler ambition, loftier aspirations.

Governmental systems can not regenerate mankind. Individualism has made us what we are; by God's help, the perfection of it will make us what we ought to be. If socialism is a sign of the times, and a foreshadowing of the future order of society, we are not yet convinced. We are hopeful under the old system in consequence of our reverence for the past, and an unfailing trust in the assumed verity of the principle, that individual liberty, civil and religious, is not a mockery, but the essence of our civilization, and the salvation of the world.

Harry Neff Herr.

NATURE.

NATURE is the body of the soul, the unit of which the soul is a part. The two are linked together by innumerable threads, and exist, in concrete simile, like mother and child. Nature produces, nourishes, educates and beams upon the soul. She ever spreads her beauties before it for its wonder and admiration. She warms it by her proximity, and elevates it by her grandeur, magnitude and sublimity. The soul recognizes Nature as its all, and delights in communion with her. In her it finds congeniality and repose. She is the companion, the sympathizer, the comforter.

A man is himself when he is alone with Nature. Things are objective, and their reality lends composure to any frame of mind he may be in. His thoughts are his own, free from obsequence to his neighbor's opinion. They course untrammelled, deviated by Nature's forms only. He is perplexed with the unreality and chicanery of the busy world; he is afflicted with some great bereavement or misfortune; and he finds in the solitude of Nature the requisite emmolient for all. The murmur of a sequestered brook, bubbling a sweet obligato to the mellow, bell-like tones of a wood-thrush, are far more welcome to him, than the perfunctory expressions of sympathy from the world. He sees a welcome in all the visible forms. The huge tree-trunks

are his friends, the dreary caw of the crow is music to his ear, and the dull roll of the woodpecker is but the tattoo to call the tired sentry from his wearisome post.

Nature's different aspects possess an almost equal beauty for an admirer. An Indian Summer day in the woods, with the golden haze of autumn, the magnificent foliage, the ducks streaming south, and the squirrel laying up his winter stock of nuts, is an almost indescribable delight for him. And yet hardly more so than when he visits the same spot in midwinter, when Jack Frost has dismantled the trees, and their black trunks and arms stand grimly out against the snow-clad landscape. And in spring, when Nature seems like a bride dressed, and in midsummer when she has matured to her utmost luxuriance, there are scarcely fewer beauties for him. All states act harmoniously on his inner being.

It is not Nature's visible forms alone, that are sublime. Her half hidden secrets, her wonderful metamorphoses, her occult laws, by their very intangibility, inspire the soul even more. Material objects are but the indicators, the shell, of the beautiful entirety. But the highest effect of Nature on the soul is her aspect when taken as the expression of the Divinity. Then it is, that all appears the great and beautiful perfection.

THE SPECTRE'S RING.

THE most charming of old men is the one, who never forgets that he was once a boy himself, and the world would be better today, if more men were guided in their actions by this fact.

Col. Tom Hays was my ideal old gentleman. He was full of life, always courteous, loved and respected by young and old. He had been a boy with men, who were now old fogies; he had been a boy, so to speak, with his sons and their companions, and though seventy years old, he was capable of being a boy with his grandsons. He had traveled a great deal, had a good memory and was an excellent talker.

On one occasion he told me a ghost story, which he said was true. I have heard something similar to it, but I have implicit faith in the Colonel, and I believe it happened as he said, for he is not one of those old men, who tell and re-tell an old story 'till they begin to think it true or original and tell it as such.

"When a young man," said the Colonel, "I frequently visited the home of Mr. Collins. His two daughters were the attraction. They were brunettes, closely resembling each other in appearance, but very different in character. Lottie, the younger of the two, was a quiet, thoughtful, lovable girl, for whose sake I had thought more than once of giving up the idea of being an old bachelor. Margaret, on the other hand, was brim full of life, very fascinating, though perhaps somewhat brusque. She was a beautiful rider and absolutely fearless. She loved to race, and in the autumn afternoons, when the roads were good, though deserted save by us, she would, at my request, take off her hat and let her long black hair flow, then at the end of a half-mile run she was a beauty worth looking at. Her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed from the exercise, her wavy black hair reaching below her waist, and her whole being full of animation. I did not love her, as you might suppose, but when

animated she was the handsomest woman I have ever seen.

"Margaret often rode alone, and one afternoon, she was found insensible in the road. She had been thrown from her horse, and her head was badly cut. She was brought home, and died in a few days from the effects of her fall.

"After her death her room was not used, and remained almost as she left it, for more than a year. The servants had been devoted to her, and I was greatly surprised to have one of them tell me that he had seen her ghost. He said, that during the night he had seen a white figure in her room, passing back and forth before the window. Every servant on the place believed the story, and, of course, from that time on, the ghost was seen frequently. It was painful to me, and doubly so to the family, to know that Margaret's name was being used by the servants in connection with a foolish piece of superstition, so I proposed to Mr. Collins, that I should pay him a visit for a few weeks, and use the room, and thus end the talk among the servants.

"I had decided sometime before to give up the idea of being a bachelor and, in fact, after some little trouble, I had persuaded Lottie to wear a handsome ring for my sake, so I willingly undertook to convince the servants of their foolishness.

"The furniture in the room was an old-fashioned set. The beds in those days were very large, the posts heavy and reaching almost to the ceiling, with a framework around the tops to which the silk curtains were attached. I got to bed about eleven o'clock, of course thinking about the negro's story, but not for a moment worried about it, and I fell asleep immediately. I had slept probably an hour when I awoke, not with a start, but, as though I slowly regained consciousness and realized that I was awake. The room

had a strange coolness about it, and instinctively I felt the force of some mysterious presence. There was no sound, only an awful quiet, and yet without looking I knew that the door was being opened. I heard the low, almost imperceptible rustle of a robe, and the silk curtains around the bed moved as by a breath. A hand was laid lightly on the bed near my head, then moved slowly down toward the foot. It was a woman's hand, and, though it did not touch me, I knew it was cool. I thought I saw the flash of a diamond ring, and through an opening of the curtains, I saw a woman in a white robe, her long, black hair hanging loose and reaching below her waist. In the dim light I could not see her face, though I felt sure that it was Margaret's. I almost held my breath as the hand moved down the bed, the strange coolness of the room seemed about to overcome me, I

was powerless to act, and lay there watching the mysterious apparition stop before the glass, and pass the comb several times through the long hair, which seemed to offer no resistance to its passage. The spectre then turned to go, and again the white hand crept along the bed from foot to head. It paused near my face and, seized by some sudden impulse, I slipped the ring from its finger.

"I lay there for some time almost stupefied, then tremblingly lit a candle to look at the ring. In it I saw the words: "Tom to Lottie." I crept back into bed somewhat relieved, and had the pleasure the next morning, of giving my engagement ring to Lottie for the second time. Lottie and I were married shortly afterward, and she gave up walking in her sleep. Did you not, Lottie?" said the old gentleman, turning to his better half.

AN ANNUAL BANQUET.

THE Lehigh University Club of Northeastern Pennsylvania will hold their annual banquet at the Wyoming Valley Hotel, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on Friday evening, May 3, 1895, at 7 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all Lehigh men, whether they are members of the Club or not. It is desired that all Lehigh men should make an effort to be present. Those desiring to be present, please notify the Secretary, Arthur Long, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

H. W. ROWLEY, '85, Pres.,
W. H. DEAN, '86, Vice-Pres.,
E. H. LAWALL, '82,
W. A. LATHROP, '75,
W. L. RAEDER, '76,
ARTHUR LONG, '87, Sec'y,
Committee.

—The University of Chicago keeps a tennis team of eight men continually in training. These lose their places if challenged and defeated by ten outsiders.

—The debate between the Harvard and Yale freshmen will take place at New Haven, May 10.

—The duplicate whist match between Harvard and Yale will be played in Cambridge, May 4.

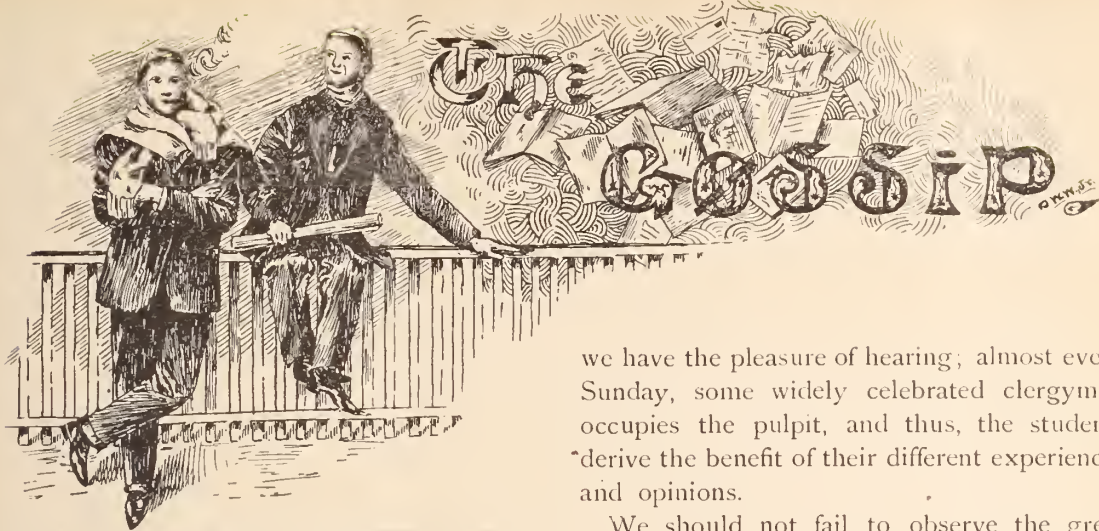
—Harvard foot-ball practice has commenced and will last till the middle of May. There will be no summer practice.

—Yale's first game of intercollegiate baseball was played in 1865 when its team defeated Wesleyan by a score of 30 to 12.

—U. of P. has applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a grant of \$500,000 for the foundation and equipment of a graduate school.

—A new athletic field has been completed at Georgetown University. The field is 580 feet long and 390 feet wide. A quarter mile track surrounds it.

—It is said that Chicago University intends to publish a magazine similar to *The Century* which shall rival that periodical. It is to be called the *Lakeside Magazine*.



EVERY time The Gossip thinks of the compulsory chapel idea, he is filled with the greatest admiration for the scheme. In spite of the objections and complaints of a small minority, it is easy to observe how thoroughly the majority of the Lehigh men appreciate their privilege of attending this compulsory service.

What an interesting sight it is to see this large body of students, with a keen, wide-awake expression upon their faces, listening with rapt attention, and eagerly seizing upon every word, which falls from the lips of the chaplain. And then, how pleasant it is to see all the members of the Faculty occupying their seats, and seemingly enjoying the service, just as much as the students, while almost the entire corps of instructors is to be found seated in the body of the church every Sunday.

A most conclusive proof, that the students enjoy the services, is shown by the large number of Seniors, who, although they are no longer compelled to attend chapel, and their seats have been assigned to others, yet can not resist the inclination to appear at every service. And then, how pleasant and picturesque it is to have an instructor go around, with his book, during the service, to see that all are in their seats. The most enjoyable feature of all, however, is the large number of divines, whom

we have the pleasure of hearing; almost every Sunday, some widely celebrated clergyman occupies the pulpit, and thus, the students derive the benefit of their different experiences and opinions.

We should not fail to observe the great benefit, which the student-body, and the community at large, have derived from this religious training. Its success is plainly evidenced by the high moral standard of the Lehigh man, which is deservedly celebrated, and, by the good reputation, which Bethlehem enjoys as a college town. Observe the small number of taverns in Bethlehem and vicinity, and how little they are patronized by the college men, also, the small number of unbelievers and professed atheists among the students, and thus see what an excellent plan it is to force religion upon a man.

Truly, compulsory chapel is an admirable thing, and its results and effects may extend further than it is generally imagined.

* * *

The Gossip likes to stand in the background, and listen to men, who really know nothing about it, airing their views on the way the athletic teams are being run. It really seems a pity that so much good, sound advice is being thrown away into circumambient air; and The Gossip humbly offers the suggestion, that the proper authorities bottle some of it, and put it on ice for future use. Then perhaps Lehigh would lead the college-world in athletics.

Mistakes are liable to occur in any thing. To get the maximum efficiency from the

material at hand is a difficult matter, and it is quite natural that blunders should sometimes be made. The men in charge of the teams are usually the ones best fitted to choose their players and train them; and the cynical criticisms, which are often heard when things don't exactly come our way in athletics, are almost always as unkind, as they are ignorantly unjust. Now, if The Gossip knew as much about the subject as Caspar Whitney, he would offer some sage criticisms himself on Lehigh athletics, and, of course, the captains would take his advice to heart, and improve things generally; but as he does not, he is content to smoke a cigarette, and listen to the College wiseacre.

* * *

The Gossip has been looking over some of the back volumes of THE BURR, and in view of the present development of the College, some of the complaints appear absurd. For instance, one man wants to have the College mail delivered at the library to the students. In fact to turn it into a general post-office. Imagine five hundred men lined up before the desk after chapel to get their mail. Gossip is afraid that the holy sanctity of the place would be disturbed.

Another man kicks energetically because the College does not supply towels and soap at the various wash-rooms. Still another has a scheme for the distinguishing of degrees. He says, that when you see an M. E. after a name, you can not tell whether an English or an American university conferred it. He suggests the use of a couple of additional letters, thus, if the degree is from a college in the United States, write it U. S. M. E., if from England, E. M. E. A scholar, at this rate, would have a whole alphabet after his name.

The proper key note is struck, however, when a scheme is proposed for the establishment of a lunch counter in Packer Hall. The benefit is evident. Every day from forty to fifty men bring their lunches, and eat them in the solitude of the drawing rooms. With a

lunch counter, a man, besides getting a hot meal, would have a cheery place to eat it. The Boston Institute of Technology has tried this plan, and it has worked perfectly. The prices are very cheap, and the place is patronized by every one. The food is well cooked and nourishing. The same success would be met with here, if a man could be found willing to make only a fair profit, and who would not try to become a millionaire in a month. The Faculty would undoubtedly give it their hearty support and coöperation.

* * *

The Gossip was sitting on the fence the other day when his little friend "Chimmie" climbed up beside and began to relate his woes. "Chimmie" is what is known as a little "mucker." His head was covered with an old foot-ball cap, and noticing the Gossip's inquiring glance, remarked proudly: "Me and Mac 's the only ones that wears 'em." Just then "Chimmie" noticed a cigarette stump smoking on the track, and climbed down to get it, returning, he began the following tirade, which should meet the careful attention of the management.

"I believe in supportin' the college, but there some things as have to to be reformed. I gets in free, an' I carries the bags to the "Gym," that goes, but them bags is gittin' too dirty. I gets all dust, an' goes home, an' me mother licks me. Now if I'm going to carry 'em, they'll have to be cleaned." Just here one of "Chimmie's" friends passed and told him that the teacher had discovered his absence. "Dat's anoder thing," he said complainingly. "I gets here to tend to biz, an' I've got to play "hookey" to do it, an' mother finds out, an' beats me agin. Why can't de management go down, an' get leave for me? I backs de team up well an' they might do it." "Chimmie's" friend returned and he went off with him, and left Gossip musing on the hard heart of a base-ball management. Here was this flower of South Bethlehem chivalry, willing to blight his whole future to support the College, and the

manager not willing to get him excused. In sooth, this is cruelty.

From what Gossip has seen, "Chimmie" is an ardent supporter of the team. He met him plodding across the campus the other day, staggering under the weight of five or six bats and a couple of uniform bags, his little beady black eyes peering out from beneath the pile, snapping and flashing with importance. Notice some time the care he takes of that precious foot-ball cap. Gossip has been wondering how

he got it; "Chimmie" indignantly denies any theft.

Gossip sees a great future for "Chimmie;" first, ward heeler, then politician, and finally perhaps State Senator. Who knows, a second Quay may be lugging bases to the Gymnasium. Take it as you may, "Chimmie" represents a type of the times, an end-of-the-century boy, eager, alert, and quick to take advantage of opportunities.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE think that the performance of the Mustard and Cheese has not been properly "written up." Literary and dramatic societies are a sign of college breadth of mind, so to speak, and this is especially true when their home is a technical college like Lehigh. Their doings, if at all worthy, should be noticed, and encouragement be given.

There can be no doubt about the success as a whole, of "Ali Baba." It was deserving of much praise, and some of the individual efforts were particularly commendable. Yet it must be confessed that the newspaper accounts of the performance were poor. Even that in *The Brown and White* was absurdly hackneyed and inappreciative, as well as unnecessarily short. It is an easy matter to damn a thing with slight or ill-advised praise. But the ease with which it may be done is scarcely an excuse for doing it.

These remarks are occasioned by reading among our exchanges, the well written accounts of performances of dramatic clubs at other colleges. We are loath to believe, that the actual entertainments were superior to that of our own club, yet we must admit that their presentation to the outside world, through the medium of the college press, is certainly so.

The Red and Blue for May contains its prize story "Ad Astra per Aspera." It is well told and interesting. There are other stories, and the usual amount of verse in the number.

The Western Reserve Magazine, a promising one by the way, is a new-comer to The Table. Its opening story is perhaps prolix. But the number contains much of interest. "The Interviewer" is a very entertaining department.

From *The Trinity Tablet* we take this:

THE BLACKBIRDS.

The blackbirds sat on the leafless trees
And called to the willows, "Awake! Awake!"
'Tis time your sleeping buds to shake!
The sky is warm, and the cold March wind
Has fled, and left but an echo behind,
Which moans by the drifts, that die on the leas!"
And the willows heard the blackbirds' call,
And opened their blossoms one and all.
The blackbirds sat on the leafless trees,
And called to my spirit, "Awake! Awake!"
'Tis time your sluggish heart to shake!
Forget the frost and the winter wind--
Leave the frozen paths with their doubts behind,
Spring offers far fairer destinies!"
And my spirit leaped at the blackbirds' call
And sundered its fetters one and all.

The following is from the *Yale Courant*:

AUTUMN SONG.

Watching the dead leaves drift along,
Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng,
Thro' the alleys and lanes of the rain-swept street,
Wanders my fancy back to the time,
When I wooed my love with sigh and rhyme.
Then it was spring, and the sun rays shone
On fresh young tints from a cloudless sky,
And I, with my sweetheart, strolled alone
To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy;
I kiss'd her smiles, and my thoughts love-mad
Ne'er dreamt that the future could be sad.
But winter came, and the green leaves fell,
My love's soul went to the dreamland shore;
And the wind with the dead leaves sang the knell
Of the good, true heart I should woo no more;
So when I hear the leaves and the rain,
I think of my love, and live again.



—The New Jersey Athletic Club has arranged for a carnival of sports at its grounds in Bayonne City, N. J., on Decoration Day. There will be a college team race—Harvard, Yale, and Columbia will compete.

ALL OVER NOW.

I loved a girl once on a time
 Much older than myself;
 She shook me. Now I'm in my prime,
 And she is "on the shelf,"
 That's all over now.
 I once composed a little song,
 So catchy and so sweet,
 It didn't take the grinders long
 To get it on the street.
 It's all over now.
 Three colleges were often guyed
 For being on the fence;
 One tumbled on the other side,
 And what's the consequence?
 They're all over now. —*Ben Franklin.*

—At a mass-meeting of Princeton undergraduates, recently, it was voted that the Freshmen should hereafter have no voice in the election of officers for the various athletic associations. This action was taken by advise of the Graduate Advisory and Executive committee of Princeton.

CUT IT SHORT.

When you write a merry jest
 Cut it short;
 It will be too long at best—
 Cut it short;
 Life is brief and full of care;
 Editors don't like to swear;
 Treat your poem like your hair—
 Cut it short.

—*Truth.*

UNSPEAKABLE.

When sick the doctors oft would see our tongues,
 That 'tis a farce, we all know well:
 The fever fiercely burns, our pains are sharp,
 How sick we feel no tongue can tell.

—*The Brunonian.*

—A new course in laboratory practice in Psychology will be offered for undergraduates at Yale next year.

—The tuition fee at Dartmouth will be raised to one hundred dollars at the beginning of the next college year.

WINTER'S DEPARTURE.

Up rose the wild old winter king,
 And shook his beard of snow;
 "I hear the first young hair-bell ring!
 'Tis time for me to go!
 Northward o'er the icy rocks,
 Northward o'er the sea,
 My daughter comes with sunny locks,
 This land's too warm for me."
 And softly came the fair young queen,
 O'er mountain, dale and dell,
 And where her golden light was seen
 An emerald shadow fell;
 The good wife opened the window wide,
 The good man spanned the plough,
 'Tis time to run, 'tis time to ride,
 For Spring is with us now.

—*Cornell Era.*

—President C. K. Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, in speaking of foot-ball, says: "If you trace the antagonism to foot ball, you will find that it is most intense where the person criticising the sport knows the least about it."



—H. T. Morris, '91, is Asst. Superintendent in Ordnance Department of the Bethlehem Iron Company, South Bethlehem, Pa.

—R. W. Knight, '94, is employed by the Pottsville Iron and Steel Co., Pottsville, Pa.

—W. J. Douglas, '94, who is in the employ of Hon. E. B. Coxe, at Drifton, Pa., spent a few days in town last week.

—H. W. DuBois, ex-'92, spent the Easter holidays in town. He is a member of the firm of Mixer & DuBois, Copper Metallurgists, Ishpeming, Mich.

—H. V. Hesse, '91, E. M. '92, is a transitman on the Lehigh Valley Coal Company's Engineering Corps, at Lost Creek, Pa.

—A. Johnston, '89, who is Superintendent of Armor Plate Department, Bethlehem Iron Company, returned a few days ago from an official visit to Russia, in the interests of the Company.

—W. H. Kavanaugh, '94, who was formerly Principal of Mining and Mechanical Institute, at Freeland, Pa., is now connected with his father, in the lumber business, at Williamsport, Pa.

—C. W. Macfarlane, '76, C. McK. Leoser, Jr., '91, and H. Schneider, '94, visited their *Alma Mater* during the last week.

—G. H. Atkins, '94, and H. E. Atkins, ex-'94, who are now connected with the Pottsville Iron and Steel Company, Pottsville, Pa., witnessed the production of "Ali Baba," by the Mustard and Cheese Dramatic Association.

—R. L. Ogden, '94, is at present employed by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company in analyzing the gas from their burning mine at Hazleton, Pa.

W. A. Payne, '94, is taking a post-graduate course in architecture at Columbia College, New York.

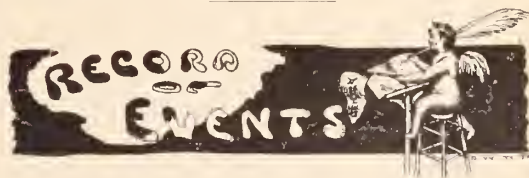
—F. R. Coates, '90, is with the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. R. Co., as supervisor, with headquarters at Stamford, Conn.

—A. Weymouth, '94, is inspector U. S. Naval Station, at Port Royal, S. C.

—H. C. Wilson, '78, is general manager of Pilot Mining Company, Aspen, Col.

—C. Y. Mosman, '92, is with Thompson-Houston Electric Company, at Lynn, Mass.

—S. D. Warriner, '90, is connected with the engineering department, Lehigh Valley Coal Company, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



April 17. Base-ball; Allentown defeats Lehigh, 16-14.

April 20. Mustard and Cheese production of "Ali Baba." Base-ball: University of Pennsylvania defeats Lehigh, 23-4. Relay race: Lafayette defeats Lehigh at Philadelphia.

April 24. Base-ball: State College defeats Lehigh, 15-9. Mathematical Club. Initiation into Tau Beta Pi of the following Juniors: L. B. Davenport, F. Bayard, M. J. Bucher, H. N. Herr, S. M. Dessauer, D. W. Bliem, H. H. Beck, F. L. Cooke, H. D. Hess, R. de la Mora, T. S. Eden.

April 25. Base-ball: Allentown defeats Lehigh, 18-4.

April 26. State Oratorical Contest at Lancaster. First, T. L. Bickel, Franklin and Marshal; second, Emma S. Hutchinson, Swathmore; third, H. N. Herr, Lehigh.

April 27. Lacrosse: Lehigh defeats the Crescent Athletic Association, 4-3.

April 29. Agora. The following were chosen to contest in the Lehigh-Lafayette debate: F. A. McKenzie, '95; J. W. Thurston, '96; R. N. Hood, '97; and H. D. Hess, '96, alternate.

May 1. Base-ball: Princeton defeats Lehigh, 11-1. Lacrosse: University of New York defeats Lehigh, 4-3.

HER FOUL-WEATHER FRIEND.

He came to see her on stormy nights,
 When he had nowhere else to go;
 She liked to see him at such times,
 And so she called him her rainbeau. — *Ex*

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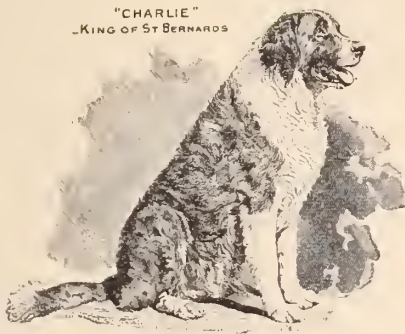
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 —The Tech.

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